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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, — Editor and Proprietor
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DOUBLE NUMBER.

SEASONABLE REFLECTIONS.

The Changes That Twenty Five Years Have wrought in Hustonville and Vicinity.

To the Editor of The Interior Journal:

To those who are yet in the hey-day of youth a season like this is one of happy memories, and blissful hope, and general joyousness. Nor do we condemn those whose free unbounded spirits spring outward and upward responsive to the glad music of youth and health and hope and social natures. It was not intended that man should be a cheerless anchorite nor a solitary dreamer. The earth was formed and furnished and decorated in reference not only to his sustenance, but also to his enjoyment. Hence we love to lay down for a time the weary load of care, dash the toil-drops from the brow, recall the days when we too, were young and joyous, and add our quavering shout to the general jubilee.

But this is only a faint flickering up of the paling lights of the fondly remembered past. As the evening shadows become perceptibly lengthened on the dial of our life-day—as the memories of the past, the realities of the present, and the indications of the future are all attuned in unison, and the burden of their song is: "Passing away," we of necessity find our minds dwelling on other themes than those of festivity and mirthfulness.

Then will not one or two of those who have witnessed many a Christmas revelry, sing the requiem of many a buried year, and bailed the advent of many a promising successor with shouts of gladness—will not a few such pause with me today, and cast a glance upon the waste that time has made in its stealthy progress, and note the ruins that mark the impress of its silent foot-falls? To do this we need no world-wide survey. In every hamlet, in every village, in every neighborhood, in every family, the record is traced with startling distinctness. Let each then look over his own peculiar locality and note the changes of the last third of a century.

Burns once introduced an essay with the contingency: "Perhaps it may turn out a Sang—Perhaps turn out a Sermon." I feel a like uncertainty as to this article. It is not my purpose to make it funeral; and still there is a persistent raven carver in my brain and suggesting sepulchral images and monumental inscriptions.

But to the point. I have been casting my eye to-day over this portion of the country and contrasting its present aspect with that in 1847 when I first became acquainted with it. This was then a safe, comfortable, intelligent and thriving community. Few were such as could be called wealthy, but most were independent. The stately homes of former generations had descended each along its peculiar line, and each sheltered the posterity of its projector.

Since that time every building in the village, with the single exception of Frank Kaufman's shop, has passed into other hands. Kaufman himself and Mrs. T. C. Goode are the only surviving house keepers of that period. But it is not in the town only, but in the surrounding country too that this change becomes apparent. You may take the village as a centre and with a radius of five miles sweep the surrounding territory and you will find that nearly every old homestead within the circumference has slipped away from the original possessors. Joe Page, Bennett Cloyd and George Powell are the only persons so far as I know whose position has not changed. Mrs. Maggie McCormick, Mrs. W. C. Powell, Mrs. D. J. Alcorn and perhaps Mrs. Sally Bailey are the only other parties I can recollect as holding, even in part, their former homes.

But these are not the most striking changes. Many, very many of our most estimable citizens have met with financial disaster. In fact the few instances in which the children have inherited an unencumbered estate furnish only exceptions to the rule.

Society has changed. The prestige of the old Kentucky home with its

lavish abundance—its easy enjoyment—its princely hospitality—has passed away. The railroad with rushing wheels transports us to the markets of the world and begets the desire for traffic. The telegraph with its electric breath has kindled the fever of speculation, and, perhaps, drawn us away from the rich returns to be won from the cultivation of our God given and glorious soil. The facilities for travel have brought our primitive and contented population into contact with the fashions, the follies and the vices of city life, and our simple and quietless style has been swallowed up in the insatiate vortex.

But more, even, than this. With our more intimate acquaintance with the ways of the world has grown a desire for former things, and a desire to join the reckless race for giddy pleasure and ostentatious display. But what the pampered family of the assured millionaire might do, was found too heavy a burden for those who were compelled to bring out each day's supply by unremitting toil. Hence wearing anxiety, and crushing debt, and fainting energies, and ruined fortunes.

The lesson taught us in the last 25 years has been one of fearful difficulty. Well for us if we have learned the page aright and gained wisdom from the terrible instruction. And we believe the lesson will not be lost. We have faith in Kentucky spirit. The new regime begins to be better understood; the new harness to fit more easily, and the wheels to roll more smoothly.

We close the ledger then with "82," feeling that with all his tricks and terrors he has been in the main passably honest in his dealings; and that while we may have been losers in point of pecuniary results we may flatter ourselves that we have won largely in the way of valuable experience. We would enter on the new account with the motto furnished by the dying courtier: "Let all the ends thou aims't at be thy Country's, God's and Truth's: Then if thou faillest thou failst a blessed martyr." J. A. B. Hustonville, Dec. 15.

Do Not Hurry Mr. Cleveland.

A good governor of New York would be very apt to make a good President. After Grover Cleveland has proved himself to be a good Governor, there will be plenty of time for his enthusiastic admirers to push him as a candidate for the Presidency.

He was a most efficient Mayor of Buffalo. He can also congratulate himself that, on every occasion since his election when he has opened his mouth to address an audience, he has shown a most admirable comprehension of the principles of Democratic government.

But for all that, he is still but a colt. He has gone a comparatively short distance in the race of life. He is only a little more than forty years of age, and is still a bachelor.

When 1884 dawns, Gov. Cleveland will be a tried servant, an older man than he is now, and we hope he will be married. He can then be brought forward much more appropriately as a candidate for the Presidency than at the present time. Do not hurry him. —[N. Y. Sun.]

In what is claimed to be the most delicate pair of scales in the world, according to the account given in the scientific papers, the beam is made of rye-straw, and together with the pans, which are made of aluminum, weighs only fifteen grains. In the most delicate scales heretofore made the beam and pans weighed 68 grains—the beam being made of aluminum—and the instrument was capable of weighing to the one-thousandth of a grain. This new scale, however, weighs to the one ten-thousandth of a grain. A piece of hair one inch long, on being weighed with this wonderful apparatus, was found to represent the almost infinitesimal quantity of one thousandth of a grain.

Two Irishmen were asleep in the attic of a house which caught fire. One of them, in the hurry to escape, got his pantaloons on front side back and jumped in the street below. His companion seeing him falling all in a heap, called to him: "Whist, Jerry, are ye kill entirely?" And Jerry, gathering himself up and discovering the strange adjustment of his garments aforesaid, shudered back: "Not entirely kill, but upon me word I'm fatigued."

The average height of the Clark County Rifles is 5 feet 10 inches; average weight, 157 pounds. They are 45 in number, and all unmarried.—[Lexington Press.]

THE OWSLEY STOCK.
The Forefathers of the Present Numerous Family.
[From the Interior Journal.]

I am reliably informed about one hundred years ago, four brothers, William, Henry, Anthony and Daniel Owsley, and a half brother, Walter Williams, with two sisters, Patience and Lydia Owsley emigrated from Maryland and settled on Draken Creek, near Crab Orchard, Ky.

William Owsley settled on the place where J. E. Carson now lives. He was the father of Governor William Owsley, Adeget, Dr. Joel, Samuel, Thomas, Maj. Jonathan; and the wives of Henry Middleton, Henry Baughman and Neny Pearl.

Henry Owsley settled on the place where John Shanks lived when he was killed. He was the father of Thomas, Ebworth, Henry, (commonly called Harry) John (commonly called Jacky), and Susan, who married William Harris.

Anthony Owsley settled near where George King now lives. He was the father of the wife of Herbert King, Stephen Williams, William Hamilton, Samuel Moore and William Stanford; also the father of William Owsley (called "Gilmore Tick Billy") and Bryan Y. Owsley.

Daniel Owsley settled where Geo. W. Evans now lives. He was the father of Seth, Levi, Hans P. and Holland, who married Thomas Stephenson, and Betsy who married James Burnett.

Patience Owsley married a Bledsoe, and was the mother of Moses, and Willis and A. Bledsoe. She afterwards married a Crow.

Lydina Owsley married a Hutchinson and was the mother of Elijah, Thomas and William Hutchinson.

It is proposed to make the father of William, Henry, Anthony, Daniel, Patience and Lydia, whose surname is not ascertained, but can be, the main trunk of an Owsley tree. The family is very numerous and scattered over the world.

John Elsworth Owsley, late of Chicago, J. S. and J. B. Owsley, of Lincoln, and Daniel Owsley, of Todd county, Ky., are thought to be the richest of the name and Mike Owsley is thought to be the smartest of the name now living.

The foregoing is made out from the recollection of a RELATIVE 73 years of age.

Crab Orchard, Dec. 1882.

MEXICAN CRUELTY.—An Austin man who made a prolonged trip through Mexico, gives us some interesting details of his trip. He says that when he was in the City of Mexico he was shown through some of the old buildings, convents and jails that were erected by the Spaniards. In the walls of one of these ancient buildings he noticed a small opening, and he naturally inquired of his Mexican guide what it meant. He was told that it was one of the buildings in which criminals were walled in alive.

"What is the use of that hole in the wall?"

"Well, Senor, you see, as long as the prisoner lived, his food was handed to him on a plate, and he handed the empty plate back, but when he handed the plate back with the food in it untouched, then the jailer knew that the prisoner was dead already, and didn't give him any more.—[N. Y. Evening Post.]

The Frankfort Yeoman says: The first magistrate who makes up his mind to punish any person to the extent of the law who is found carrying a concealed weapon and who carries out that purpose, will do more to build up the community, and himself with it, than he could do by any other means." Why not put it in this way: The first governor who makes up his mind to abstain from pardoning offenders, and who carries out that purpose, will do more for his State than he could do by any other means. Why not?—[Flemingsburg Times.]

The house in which Jesse James was killed, at St. Joseph, Mo., is now occupied by its owner, an old lady. The room in which the bandit was slain remains in the condition in which it was left after the consummation of the deed, even to the blood on the floor. The old lady, having been greatly annoyed by persons desiring to see the room where the outlaw met his death, some time since hit upon the plan of charging an admission fee, and male visitors now pay fifty cents and female twenty-five cents. At these rates the number of sight-seers is so large that the old lady is rapidly accumulating a fortune.—[N. Y. Times (Rep.).]

"Iah de brisouer guilty or not guilty?" asked a beaming Teutonic justice the other day. "Not guilty, your honor," promptly responded the person addressed. "Den you your seat, and go about your pessiness, my vrend, and stop your fooling round here mit your blaying off," indignantly ordered the outraged arm of a grain.

A negro boy in Jeffersonville, Ind., is sick with the small-pox, and the attending physician expressed the belief that the disease was communicated by a mosquito which had previously nipped another patient.



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For Scarlet Fever, Typhoid Fever, Smallpox, Measles, &c.

For Typhoid Fever, Smallpox, Measles, &c.

For Scarlet Fever, Typhoid Fever, Smallpox, Measles, &c.

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STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, December 19, 1882

"Ignorance."

The following article, contributed by a valued correspondent, is so true, and so thoroughly illustrates the matter treated, that we publish it verbatim:

"there is nothing so annoying to those which are brought into contact with it as ignorance is. Ignorant people are unable to understand those things which the average mind should comprehend at once. Education opens the mental vision, as it were, and presents to the thinking mind a vast panorama of beauty, while to the course and vulgar eye of ignorance there is nothing attractive."

"Daniel Webster once said that knowledge is power and his great dictionary is adequate proof that he was no slouch himself in the education line. I have often seen people who became the victims of their fellow men because they were not informed upon things of which they should have obtained a knowledge, while others who had obtained a thorough education could take a pencil or a piece of chalk and add up any thing."

"If I had a child and could give him an education or a sheep ranch, I would give him the education and then let him acquire the sheep ranch. If I had a son and could give him a large herd of cattle or a good education, I would educate him, and he would get a soreback mule and a Texas steer and let nature take its course."

"I knew at one time a boy who was bent upon going to college although his folks was poor and he persevered for fifteen years through thick and thin till he came out with a diploma and a tape worn. You can acquire almost any thing at college from a Greek education to a hectic flush. Another young man who I knew first as a poor boy with red hair, applied himself at his studies patiently and industriously till he was a good pensman, and then he wrote a check by which he got \$2,000 and eighteen years in the penitentiary. Other boys would have been contented with ten, but he was ambitious and once said that he would not be satisfied with any little fool petty larceny racket."

"I can count over among my own acquaintances a hundred I should calculate who had as good opportunities to acquire a prominent position in life as I did, but they would druther catch cat-fish and curse their future with ignorance and vice. If ad they applied themselves while young, they might as well have been in the Legislature as I for they possessed the same natural heaven born genius that I did if they had improved it as they o'er."

"When I was young I tackled the more difficult branches with great ardor and before I was nineteen years old could reduce fractions to a common denominator readily with one hand tied behind me."

"Do not despise learning. Men stand in Congress to day as the result of thorough and studious labor in school who otherwise would perhaps be unknown, unhonored and unsprung. They worked hard at school while other boys were out at recess. They toiled at noon eating their bread and cold beef with one hand while with the other they worked out their sums in algebra."

"If George Washington had neglected his studies in his youth, where would he have been to-day? He would have filled an unknown grave, instead of resting in a stone milkhouse at Mount Vernon with hundred of Americans coming there day after day to shed the scalding weep over him. Adams & Jefferson, Forepaugh, Alexander the Great, Jesse James & Queen Victoria were all alike poor boys but they acquired a knowledge of the spelling book and slate early in their lives and now they are well heeled."

"The pen is mightier than the sword and a thorough knowledge of grammar is better than a farrow cow in fly time. If it was the last words I could utter I would say: Get wealth if you can, but if you can't, get education and marry rich.—[Nye's Boomerang.]

A widow writes to cavalry officer in Dakota: "Dear Sir: My man, perhaps you know, is dead. I buried him Tuesday. It is coming on Spring, and I am a lone woman with a big ranch, and the Indians about. I don't mind the Indians, the red devils, but I have too much work for any woman to do. If you have any sergeant about to be mustered out, or a private, if he is a good man, I would like to have you inform me about him. If he is a steady man, likes work, and wants a good home, I will marry him, if we think we can get along together. It's a good chance for any man. Please answer."

The Story of Samson.

"Pa," said the Rev. Mulkittie's son, "Samson was a strong man, wasn't he?"

"Yes, Samson was the strongest man that ever lived."

"Tell me about him."

"It was intended that Samson should be the strongest man, and before he was born—"

The bewildered expression on the child's face arrested the minister in his narration.

"Before he was born?" asked the boy.

"Yes, before—that is, before he was found in a hollow stem—"

"Just like little sister?"

"Yes. Just before he was found an angel appeared and foretold of his strength, saying that no razor must touch his head."

"Was the angel afraid that the razor would cut him?"

"No; the angel meant that his strength lay in his hair, and that his hair must not be cut off."

"If I let my hair grow long, can I lift more than now?"

"I don't know about that."

"Are women stronger than men?"

"No."

"But they've got longer hair."

"Yes; they have longer hair."

"A woman couldn't whip you, could she?"

"No; not easily."

"Was Samson a Democrat?"

"I don't know."

"But why don't you know? I'd know if I was as old as you. How many men was it that Samson killed?"

"One thousand."

"He was bad, wasn't he?"

"No."

"But when a man kills any body he's bad?"

"The Lord was with Samson."

"But the Lord says you mustn't kill any body. Did Samson go to heaven?"

"I suppose so."

"He's the strongest angel there, ain't he?"

"You are getting foolish again."

"I want to know. Will you know Samson when you go to heaven?"

"I suppose so."

"But you won't fool around him, will you? If he was ter hit you he'd break your wings, wouldn't he?"

"Go to your mother. The next time you attempt to question me about the Bible I shall whip you."

Seven Excuses for Smiling.

Josh Billings says: "Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort comes an old shoe."

The Popular Science Monthly asks: "What are crowds?" The third party is a large crowd.

The meanest kind of man is the man who will at this season give a tramp a straw hat, when he knows that if the tramp wears it he'll get guyed to death.

A Missouri girl whose father refused to buy her a lemon-colored linen dress poisoned one of his mules to get even. A girl who can't be in style will become desperate.

A little girl had been scolded by her grandmother. She picked up her little kitte, and caressing it, said, "I wish one of us three was dead. And it isn't you kitty, and it ain't me."

We see that "fur-lined circulars are fashionable again." People had much better advertise in the newspapers than waste their money sending fur-lined circulars through the post-office.

A little 3-year-old girl, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some outside noise. She was told that it was caused by a cricket, when she safely observed: "Mamma, I think he ought to be oiled."

The Governor of Kansas told the young men of Chicago that twenty-five years ago he drove oxen and drove them well. An exchange says the present Governor of Texas started in life as a hawker at \$8 per month, and he did his work well. The financial magnate, Rufus Hatch, began life as a chain carrier in surveying a Wisconsin railroad, and afterward was a locomotive engineer. There are multitudes of idle young men because they can't find "honorable" work. They would do well to remember that all honest labor is honorable and that idleness is a vice.

When thou prayest, rather let thy heart be without words than thy words without heart. Prayer will make a man cease from sin or sin will entice a man to cease from prayer. The spirit of prayer is more precious than treasures of gold and silver. Pray often, for prayer is a shield to the soul, a sacrifice to God, and a scourge for Satan.—[John Bunyan.]

A widow writes to cavalry officer in Dakota: "Dear Sir: My man, perhaps you know, is dead. I buried him Tuesday. It is coming on Spring, and I am a lone woman with a big ranch, and the Indians about. I don't mind the Indians, the red devils, but I have too much work for any woman to do. If you have any sergeant about to be mustered out, or a private, if he is a good man, I would like to have you inform me about him. If he is a steady man, likes work, and wants a good home, I will marry him, if we think we can get along together. It's a good chance for any man. Please answer."

Making a Fool of Himself.

This is who he was:—

He was a man of forty-five, His name was Edmund Lee; He had a limp, also a squint, Also a family.

And this is his errand:—

He came to town to buy an ax To cut his winter's wood; He used for lager beer instead— He shouldn't if he could.

And this was the natural consequence:—

His hand began to spin around, His tones grew large and thick, And by-and-by his tongue refused To kick another kick.

And then an officer came along, and

He called Edmund in a trice, And said in accents low— "I'm much afraid, my dear sir, That up the spout you'll go."

"And so you are here again?" quelled His Honor, as the "prisoner" was walked out.

"Here again? Why, I never was in such a place in my full life before!"

"Well, perhaps I'm mistaken. You live in the country, I presume?"

"Yes, sir, and I'd give a three-year-old steer to be at home about this time o' day."

"You couldn't come to town like a man of sense and do your trading and go home all straight. You felt that you must guzzle some beer, and you couldn't stop at three or four glasses, but had to get drunk and take a roll in the gutter. Nice looking man you are this morning."

"Don't Judge—don't say a word! If any man in this room will take me out behind the cider-mill and kick me eighty times I'll give him a cow! Judge, I'm crushed. I'm ashamed to look a decent man in the face."

"Make them myself," said the blacksmith.

Whereupon, King Solomon immediately proclaimed him the King of Mechanics, because he could not only make his own tools, but all other artisans were forced to go to him to have the tools of their trade manufactured.

All That Glitters is Not Gold.

A man came into the office of a practical chemist one day, and after asking leave to lock the door, produced from a handkerchief, in a very mysterious manner, some substance which he laid on the table.

"Do you see that?" he asked triumphantly.

"I do," said the gentleman.

"Well, what do you call it?"

"I call it iron pyrites."

"What?—ain't it gold?"

"No; it's worth nothing." And placing some on a shovel, he held it over the fire, when it all disappeared over the chimney.

The spirit was all gone out of the poor fellow as he sank back in a chair and at last the sad truth came out.

"There's a widow in our place has got a hull hill full of that stuff, and I have gone and married her."—[Farmer's Home Journal.]

A missionary spirit—"Thy kingdom come."

An obedient spirit—"Thy will be done."

A dependent spirit—"Give us this day our daily bread."

A penitent spirit—"Forgive our trespasses."

A forgiving spirit—"As we forgive them that trespass against us."

A watchful spirit—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from all evil."

A believing and adoring spirit—"For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory forever. Amen."

(Chicago Times.)

The Lord's Prayer.

The spirit of the Lord's Prayer is beautiful. It breathes:

A filial spirit—"Father."

A catholic spirit—"Our Father."

A reverential spirit—"Hallowed be thy name."

A missionary spirit—"Thy kingdom come."

An obedient spirit—"Thy will be done."

A dependent spirit—"Give us this day our daily bread."

A penitent spirit—"Forgive our trespasses."

A forgiving spirit—"As we forgive them that trespass against us."

A watchful spirit—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from all evil."

A believing and adoring spirit—"For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory forever. Amen."

(Chicago Times.)

The Spirit of the Age.

The average Arkansas editor rarely fails to consult the intellectual tastes of his readers. The other day the Slick Rock Muscle, weekly paper of well-known ability and great political influence, contained the following: "Our wife, who has been our companion and assistant for years, died day before yesterday, and we would give our numerous readers an interesting account of her life and public services, together with a neat obituary notice expressive of our grief, but as we have condensed and crowded in as much election news as possible this week, we must grapple business and dispense with pleasure until next week."

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

The Afro American, a colored men's paper in Cincinnati, delivers itself thusly: "The white Republicans of the Seventh District of Kentucky, who refused to vote for J. W. Asbury on account of his color, have souls that would float in a drop of water or on the point of a fine cambric needle. When at the next election such Republicans call upon the colored men to vote for the party they should be promptly knocked down and spat upon. Such is our measure of contempt for all such."

Don't overfeed the hog and let them eat sour feed or feed left over,

but give them three times a day all they will eat up clean and relish it. Add to the corn diet turnips, pumpkins, potatoes, apples, etc., as a relish. It will help them to eat more corn and digest it.

The unkindest cut Blaine received lately comes from the editor of the Reading News, who figures out

that on the salary of the President,

\$200,000 for four years, Blaine could

come out worth \$40,000,000.

Solomon and the Blacksmith.

The story goes that during the building of Solomon's Temple that wise ruler decided to treat the artisan's employed on his famous edifice to a banquet. When the men were enjoying the good things his bounty had provided, King Solomon moved about from table to table, endeavoring to become better acquainted with his workmen. To one he said:

"My friend, what is your trade?"

"A carpenter."

"And who makes your tools?"

"The blacksmith," replied the carpenter.

To another Solomon said: "What is your trade?"

"A mason," was the reply.

"And who makes your tools?"

"The blacksmith," replied the mason.

A third stated that he was a stonemason, and that the blacksmith also made his tools.

The fourth man that King Solomon addressed was a blacksmith himself. He was a powerful man, with bared arms, on which the muscles stood out in bold relief, seemingly almost as hard as the metal he worked.

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STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, December 19, 1882

W. P. WALTON, EDITOR

DOUBLE NUMBER.

OUR CHRISTMAS GIFT.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL, in its semi-weekly form, completes the first year of its existence with this issue and celebrates the anniversary by appearing before its appreciated readers, so proud of itself that its ordinary suit was far too small to hold it, nor would any thing short of this double sheet. It has reason too for this self-congratulation, for it has safely cut the eye-tooth of the experiment and shown the wise heads, who shook their knowing noddles even more wisely than usual, when it was suggested, that they do not always sometimes know quite as much as they think they do. It give us double pleasure, therefore, to state to those who have stood by us and those who predicted a collapse within six months, that we have succeeded peculiarly even better than our most sanguine calculations. One subscription list, thanks to a people who can always be relied on to stand by a man when he makes a proper effort to stand by himself, is greater now than at any time during the ten years of the paper's existence, and this issue is larger by far than any we have ever printed. A new power press has been added during the year, and a steam engine some time ago took the place as a motive power of the brawny son of Ham, who had been furnishing it theretofore. On the whole it has been a most prosperous year, and notwithstanding we have had to work just twice as hard as before, we do not regret, but on the contrary, are glad we discarded the slow once-a-week for the more-in-keeping-with-the-times twice-a-week paper. We hope and believe our readers are as well pleased with the change and that they will show it by continued patronage and good wishes and words.

Considering the fact that another issue will appear before the happiest season of the year will be ushered in, it is almost too early to extend the compliments of that occasion, but for the sake of our readers in Maine, California and the other distant States, whom this paper will reach about the time that Santa Claus does, "we embrace this opportunity" to wish them and all of our other patrons the merriest Christmas and the happiest New Year. Delinquent subscribers will please enclose \$2.50 with their good wishes, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Old Governor Allen, of Ohio, once said: "You might as well try to run an ice-house in hell as an honest government with a great surplus of funds in the Treasury." The old gentleman was right. The republican Congressmen have made history repeat itself with a vengeance in the last few years, vide the river and harbor bill steal, the monstrosity and so on ad infinitum. The average republican legislator is never so happy as when concocting schemes to deplete our rather flush Treasury, but gives no thought to extinguishing the national debt and reducing taxation. A reform in these matters is demanded, and we believe that the next House, which is democratic, will meet that demand.

The Courier-Journal says that it will maintain the strictest neutrality between Carlisle and Blackburn for the Speakership, but it don't take much of an expert to read between the lines that, since the latter declared for a tariff for revenue only, he is its choice. The Louisville Commercial, rep., is also for Blackburn, a decidedly bad sign. A large majority of the other Kentucky papers are for Carlisle. The Covington Commonwealth, which is red-hot for its neighbor, remarks: "If cheek and bluster decide the contest, Blackburn will win."

HENRY STANTON has been using our gubernatorial picture in the Yeoman to represent a clothing man. This is an indignity that we do not propose the candidates shall submit to, and we hereby warn him that an infringement of our rights and patents shall be tested in the courts of the land. We shall see whether this country is so free that any man is free to use the coming governor's likeness to represent a plodder. If the courts do not help us, then we shall call upon the "Daughters, Wives and Mothers" of the land to resent the insult.

AUDITOR HIZWITT says that Register of the Land Office Sheldon was not later in his report than has been customary, but his greatly increased work would have excused him had he been unusually late. Just as soon as it was called for he made his report and paid over his full amount of indebtedness to the State. Capt. Sheldon is an honest man, and we do not believe he would do an intentional wrong.

The Harrodsburg Enterprise has found out to his sorrow that the Mendelsohn Piano Co. are miserable swindlers, and seeks its exchanges to pass them around. The best time to pass such concerns is when they send their insolently low offers for advertising space, payable in imaginary pianos at fabulous prices. We always do.

The beauty of the new Chinese bill is exemplified in the fact that a Chinaman living at Pittsburgh, Pa., wishing to go to his native country and marry, telegraphed to Secretary Folger, asking if he would be allowed to bring her back with him. The Secretary replied that under the law he could return but not his wife.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Congress adjourns Friday till Jan. 2. —The snow is ten to fifteen feet deep in many localities in New York.

The debt of Lexington according to the Mayor's report is \$133,000.

The death rate according to the census is 15.1 persons to the 1,000 yearly.

The Hall Block in Toledo, O., burned Friday night, causing a loss of \$650,000.

The Cincinnati Southern will give its patrons a Christmas gift by selling tickets at reduced rates to all points.

The Kentucky Central Railroad was fined \$2,000 at Lexington, for obstructing streets with its cars.

The Fayette Circuit Court added fourteen convicts to the penitentiary. The terms range from two to three years.

B. C. Atkins, a countryman, blew out the gas when he went to eat in a Frankfort, Ky. hotel and the next morning he got ad dead.

In New York City during the last thirteen years, 1,887 persons have committed suicide, of whom 1,326 were men and 361 women.

All the keepers of houses of ill-fame in Lexington, thirteen in number, were indicted by the grand jury last week and some ten have been arrested and put in jail.

Robert Ould, assistant Secretary of War under the Confederate Government, died at Richmond, Va., Friday. He first came into prominence as prosecutor in the celebrated Slicker-Key murder case.

The greatest number of failures that have occurred in the U. S. during any week this year were reported last week. The number was 208, of which 41 were in the Southern States and 60 in the West.

At Menifee, La., Peter Thomas, for the murder of Dick Bright; at Selma, Ala., John Redd for killing Lucy Lee; at Deadwood, Dak., John Bright for killing a Mexican, were all jerked to Kingdom come Friday.

It is reported that Judge Brown will not ask for State troops to protect Neal and Craft at their approaching trial at Grayson, but will order the Sheriff to summon a sufficient number of citizens to insure their safety.

The grand jury at Lexington examined into the management of the Lunatic Asylum there and found divers irregularities. Among other things they found that the steward was furnishing his family from the supplies of the institution and hauling coal away by the cart-load for his own use.

A fire at Hickman, Ky., destroyed three entire blocks of business houses. The alarm was sounded at three o'clock in the morning, and the flames were not gotten under control until 6 in the afternoon. The loss is estimated at \$100,000; insurance \$42,000. The water facilities were meager.

The Italian beauty who murdered her lover in the Palmer House, Chicago, has been sentenced to one year in the penitentiary. The killing created a great sensation as Styles was a prominent stock operator. The woman tried the insanity dodge with pretty good success, else the verdict would have been death.

Godlove S. Orth, of Indiana, is dead.....Frank Donahue while drunk froze to death at Mt. Sterling.....The Court of Appeals has confirmed the decision sentencing George Alsop to life imprisonment for the murder of constable Jefferson county.....The P. O. Department has put some 240 Southern Matrimonial and Natal Associations on the Black List.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Sam. M. Burdett, Editor.

A nice line of stationery at J. L. Whitehead's.

Christmas and New Year cards at J. L. Whitehead's.

From the present outlook, the Holidays will be rather dull.

The biggest stock of Holiday Goods in Mt. Vernon at J. L. Whitehead's.

All the poets, the best novels and the best stock of holiday books at J. L. Whitehead's.

You can buy Webster's Unbridged Dictionary from J. L. Whitehead at prices ranging from \$10 to \$25.

Mt. Vernon now has ten lawyers and only one doctor. Luckily, however, our single M. D. is a good one.

Toys, dolls, candies, raisins, nuts, oranges, luscious, fireworks and Chinese lanterns for sale by J. L. Whitehead.

J. L. Whitehead desires to call attention to his large and elegant stock of jewelry. He has the best selected, best assured and best line of jewelry in town.

Sunday was a sweet-sun. From freezing down till frozen eve, "the beautiful" touched down beautifully. It is evident that in such weather "the bull-frog has hung up his fiddle."

Ice was 2 inches thick Sunday morning. The wind was in the South end Mr. J. L. Joplin fearing that it might be the last chance, determined that for once he would indulge in "Sabbath breaking." Accordingly he went to work and filled his ice-house.

Parlor and mental lamp with argand burners at J. L. Whitehead's.

It was reported here Saturday that R. H. Frith, of Gum Sulphur, had made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors.

The last of the four convicts who escaped from one of the camps on the K. C. R.R., in this county, was recaptured, and returned here last week.

You can buy from J. L. Whitehead any book, newspaper or periodical published in the English language. He is the man to take your orders.

At J. L. Whitehead's drug and book store and news depot, you will find a carefully selected stock of pure drugs and medicines. Prescriptions compounded at all hours by experienced hands.

The Dramatic Club will probably give their entertainment on the night of the 24. The exact date will be published hereafter. The proceeds will be used to purchase an organ for the Sunday-school.

The fellow who is fond of a practical joke, got in his work on Jim Maret last Saturday. But the joke developed the fact that Jim is determined to blow his whistle if it costs him a thousand dollars."

Brown's circus has been received here. His friends here think the "new departure," on the whole, the best thing for him to do. To the extent of their ability, they don't will assist him in his work.

If you want to make a brother, sister, wife, husband, mother, father, daughter, son, friend or sweetheart a Christmas present, go to J. L. Whitehead's and get it. He keeps every thing from a bottle of perfume to a sewing machine.

The Christmas tree at the Court-house next Monday evening is for the Sunday-school. A committee will see to it that every child whose name is enrolled as a member of the school gets a present. The little ones should be out in force.

County Court in this month will be on the 25th, a legal holiday, and quarterly court begins the 1st day of next month, another legal holiday. Circuit court convenes on the 8th of next month, a celebrated anniversary, though for a wonder, not a holiday.

The year is drawing to a close and Messrs. Jack Adams & Son desire to remind all those indebted to them either by note or account that now is a good time to come forward and settle. They have indulged their debtors for a long time, and they now need the money and must have it.

The attention of the public is especially called to the advertisement of Mr. J. Cook, elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Cook is a live man and he is doing a "rattling" business at Pleasant Valley. About the only comment his customers make on their purchases is to wonder how he can sell them so low.

ENTERPRISE.—Mr. James Maret has established a new industry in Mt. Vernon, a chair factory. An engine and all necessary machinery have been procured, and the factory is located back of the Newcomb Hotel. Mr. Nickelton will have charge of the factory. He is thoroughly acquainted with the business.

F. L. Thompson desires to announce to his friends and the public generally, that he now has on hand a large, handsome and well selected stock of goods which he is selling at rock-bottom prices for the "rocky" he defies competition in price and in the quality of his goods. A nice lot of goods recently received; bought especially for the Holiday trade. Call at the new store if you want bargains.

The Church here has made no arrangements, as yet, for a preacher next year. Though Eld. J. L. Allen, who has labored faithfully and well for us during the past four years, expressed himself as not desirous of returning on account of his pressing school-room duties, yet it is believed that if insisted on, he would return even at a sacrifice to himself. If the Church fails to secure Bro. Allen, they will make a trial.

During the Holidays J. E. Vowel's Variety Store will be open at all hours to give everybody an opportunity to select goods and prepare for a merry, merry Christmas. There you can get stacks of oranges, lemons, bananas, raisins, dates, figs, all kinds of nuts, plain and fancy cakes and candies, fresh fish, canned goods, jellies, preserves, pickles, fire works, albums, scrap-books, dolls, musical instruments, &c. &c.

—Mr. J. L. Joplin gives notice that he will apply to the County Court at its regular term in this month for license to keep hotel and sell spirituous liquors. The local prohibition law of this county is constantly violated by parties all over the county. In the opinion of several good lawyers the law is unconstitutional and ineffective. Mr. Joplin will probably carry his application to the Circuit Court and, if necessary, to the Court of Appeals.

BUR.—Mr. J. L. Whitehead proposes to illuminate his store room with Chinese lanterns Christmas night.....The poor teachers, to say nothing of the pupils, are having a hard time of it this weather. They are looking anxiously for "last day" of school to roll "round.....This weather will seriously impede progress in the work on the K. C. The "entry" has been driven in most of the tunnels however, and in these the operatives can work, no matter what kind of weather it is.....The lawyers say that litigation is now about as dull as it has ever been within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

ABOUT PEOPLE.—Miss Helen Conn, of Pine Hill, was visiting here last Saturday. Mr. J. D. Chandler is in Nashville in the interest of the Laurel Coal Association. Mr. Bennett H. Joplin, who has been selling the "Golden Gems of Life" in Hart, Monroe and Adair counties, returned home last Saturday. He reports splendid success and seems to be in love with the business. Mr. R. G. Ward, of Livingston, was here last week. He intends going to Louisville soon to accept a position as bookkeeper. He is an industrious, competent young man and his success to him, Dr. J. J. Brown, who is now located at Bois d' Arc, Mo., is said to be greatly pleased with the place.

He will return shortly to more his family there. Mr. R. G. Brooks will begin business as book agent the first of the year. He will canvas Laurel county for the "Golden Gems." His friends here wish him great success.

John Proctor, who was recently tried for breach of the peace and fined \$5 and sentenced to ten days confinement in the county jail, received a remission from Gov. Blackburn last week, remitting the ten days' confinement. Nearly everybody here signed the petition asking for the remission and the action of the Governor in granting it is generally favorably endorsed. Proctor is quite a young fellow, being about 16 years of age. His father died when he was a mere child and he has had to contend with the same adverse circumstances which beset most poor orphan boys. He has been rather wild, but he makes promises of reformation.

—Mrs. Elizabeth is an excellent lady and her conduct would have been great had she been placed in jail. It is hoped that young Proctor will now keep on the right side of the law always hereafter.

OBITUARY.—Trip, the old dog wall known to most everybody in the country, the property and for years almost constant attendant of Capt. Jack Adams, is dead. Last September he celebrated his 21st birthday, but even then it was painfully evident that his hold on life was weakening rapidly. He was a good "dog" and always avoided sheep. On no occasion was he ever discovered with wool in his teeth. He was not "neaty," was never known to provoke a difficulty, but if imposed on he would "fight till the last armed foe expired."

Unlike most of his town companions, he was very dignified and courteous in his ways. The country dog who in town always puts on a whistful, hunted look and carries his tail between his legs. Trip was a good house-dog and in his best days a fine hunter, tracking squirrel and fox.

—He was last seen caught in a trap. His powers forsook him and the end drew near, it was touching to see how close he kept to the heels of his master. Nor was the latter's attention to the old dog any less touching. He fed him on the choicest bits of meat and buttered bread. During his last illness his master provided him with every possible comfort. Trip breathed his last on Saturday, and on Sunday morning he was buried with appropriate ceremonies.

REQUIESCAT IN PEACE.

—Freshysters at J. C. Bryant's.

—Old Kris is showing himself again.

—J. L. Beale has recently purchased a handsome piano for his wife.

—Robert Bettie, of Lancaster, is paying \$1.25 a pair for turkeys in this vicinity.

—A little son of John Scott fell upon the frozen ground last Friday and broke his arm.

—Obituaries are close at hand and not a social or gathering of any kind talked of by the young folks.

—Tillett Brothers sold their hemp crops of '80 and '81, to Sparks, of Nicholasville, for \$4.50 and \$5 per hundred.

—Mrs. Baile Covert, aged 88 years, died on the eve of the 11th inst. Her remains were interred the following day at the Fork Church burying ground.

—Sims Engleman, of color, was tried before Squier Johnson and Scott, last Wednesday, for robbing J. B. Lewis' turkey root, and got 20 days in the workhouse.

—H. Wilson Dunn bought of J. F. Dunn some days ago, a brown colt 2 years old by George Welsh, Jr., 1st dam the dam of Abel, (prob. trial 2:23) by Gillia Varmon; 2d dam a thoroughbred.

—Uncle Josh Dunn who has been seriously ill for some days with pneumonia is reported much better, and it is to be hoped will be mingling with his many friends soon. Jesus Dunn and Jesus Slope, two of Lincoln's worthiest old bachelors were with their friends in this vicinity last week.

—Mr. J. M. Higginbotham, our present Sheriff, is very satisfactorily spoken of as the President of the new Bank.

—Louis H. Ramsey, the artistic hand sign writer, will be in Lancaster about January 1st. See your signs for him.

—County Attorney, Jas. H. Brown, will investigate the turnpike tax in this county at the December term of the County Court.

—Rev. T. M. Vaughan, of Danville, was unable to fill his appointment, at the Forks of Dix River Church Sunday, on account of indisposition.

—Now is your time to buy cheap goods. I want to close out by Jan. 1st. Don't fail to call and get bargains when goods must be sold. I must have what is due me by Jan. 1st. Geo. A. Feathers.

—Largest stock jewelry and silverware of any jewelry house in Central Kentucky. Solid silver spoons a specialty, in fine articulated cases, for presents. J. C. Thompson, Lancaster, Ky., Palace Jeweler.

—Just received a large stock of French glass and immitation bouquets and Bohemian glass and decorated vases in all colors, with or without silver mounting. Rememb'r the piece—J. C. Thompson's, Lancaster, Ky.

—The examining trial of Cal and Owen East for killing Wm. Casty is set for the 26th inst., before Judge Walker. The defendants gave themselves up to Constable Barlow last Friday, and were placed under guard until day set for trial.

—The examining trial of Harrison Brown, col'd., for shooting Umber, cold, is set for Friday. The impression seems to be that the shooting was not accidental, as reported in our last, but intentional, Brown having previously threatened the life of Umber.

—Something new in Clocks. You can tell time at night without a light. Face is self-illuminating. Largest stock of Bronze and French Gold Clocks with globes for parlor use; nice for Christmas and Holiday presents. Palace Jewelry Store, J. C. Thompson's, Lancaster, Ky.

—The

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, December 19, 1882

L. & H. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Passenger trains North..... 8:50 a. m.

" " South..... 2:00 p. m.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy PAINTS of Penny & McAllister.

Buy your ammunitions of all kinds from McAlister & Stagg.

New stock of Jewelry and Silverware at Penny & McAllister's.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAllister.

FALL lot of Zwigler's Shoes just received and for sale at J. H. & S. H. Shanks.

Standard Sheet Music, Vocal and Instrumental, for 10 cents at Penny & McAllister.

LARGE stock of Window Glass, all sizes Double thick glass for flower pots. Penny & McAllister.

Jewel received a new lot of cloaks for ladies and children and a fine lot of Diamonds. J. H. & S. H. Shanks.

PERSONAL.

Mr. S. M. Carson, of Louisville, arrived yesterday.

Mr. J. H. Watson, of Walton, is on a visit to his father at Crab Orchard.

Mr. JOHN BULLARD, Masonry Contractor of the K. C. R. R. was here yesterday.

Mr. DANIEL STAGG and family moved to their new home in Stanford, yesterday.

Miss SALLIE GREEN has returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. T. T. Gerard, at Manchester.

Miss BETTY PAXTON will find Miss Mary Myers' place as teacher at the College during her absence.

Dr. M. TABLER, contractor on the K. C. Mr. C. S. Nald, of the Altonian Coal Co. and Mr. S. E. Bowen era in town.

Mr. LOUIS H. RAMSEY has named his baby Eddie Walton, in honor of our young brother. It is a big compliment to a 16-year-old.

Miss LAURA ENGEIMAN has returned from a long visit to Franklin and Louisville, and is now confined to her bed with something like fever.

Miss PATRICK McCORMACK, our pretty McCormack's Church correspondent, with her sister, Miss Jessie, made us a very welcome call Saturday.

Mrs. J. S. HOCKER, Joe S. Grimes and J. W. Haydon go to Louisville to-day to attend an entertainment given by Misses Mary and Marie Burnett to Miss Moffett, of Illinois.

Miss MARY MYERS, Miss Pauline Grimes and Miss Fannie Held, ready for Cuero, Texas, to-day, to visit Miss Lou Lane, who is well remembered here for her beauty and sprightliness.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Go to the "Twin Fronts."

PLAID COTTONS at 8¢ cts. per yard at Klem's.

We WILL issue Friday and during the Christmas, of course.

SLEEP WARM—Go to Klem's and buy his 65 cents Comforts.

COTTON AND TICKING—D. Klem keeps both these articles cheaper than anybody.

A LITTLE CHILD of Mr. George Moore died a few days ago from the effects of a burn.

A LARGE variety of cook stoves, heating stoves and grates just received by A. Owyer. Low prices.

LOWER THAN EVER—To reduce stock I will sell at reduced rates for cash till last January. W. T. Green.

Good Business House for rent from Jan. 1, 1883. Now occupied by W. T. Green, Apply to M. D. Elmore, Stanford, Ky.

Come early and make your selection from our large stock of cheap Toys before they have been picked over. McAllister & Bright.

Just received a large stock of French and stick candles, foreign and domestic fruits and nuts, for the Holidays at McAllister & Bright's.

TO REDUCE my stock of Dry Goods, &c., I offer special inducements in price for the next week or two. Call and see how low goods can be sold. J. W. Haydon.

Messrs. CHENAUT, SEVERANCE & CO. advertise in this issue that in order to close out their stock they will sell at and below cost till further notice. Now for bargains.

The citizens of Boyle are working for the terminus of the road to Nashville and held a public meeting Saturday. Our country will hardly let her get ahead of them, we hope.

Persons intending to meet at the Skating Carnival next Friday night are requested to furnish the manager with their names as soon as possible. Admission to all, save the smokers, 25 cents.

A COLD WAVE swept this section again Friday and Saturday, causing the mercury to monkey around "Cairo" and sending in the heaviest fall of snow this season on Sunday. It now covers the ground to the depth of several inches.

THE DEEN—Messrs. G. H. McKinney and J. B. Owen returned from White's yesterday with a fine buck, which netted 110 lbs. Jim did the execution but the Captain had the skin when he came in range. They saw quite a number during their hunt, but did not get in shooting distance.

H. K. WEAKEN'S Furniture Store is the place to go for Christmas presents. He is receiving a full line of fancy cabinet ware, such as wall pockets, comb cases, velvet frames and mouldings, hat racks, stand tables, &c. Also a big lot of wagons, carriages and wheelbarrows for the little folks.

HAVIMO bought out the harness and saddle business of W. H. Carson. I will open a first-class shop at my estable, where all kinds of repairing will be done at the lowest rates. Prof. S. M. Biggs will be in charge of the shop and will be glad to see his friends both as to harness and the veterinary business. A. T. Nevelley.

BONNET GINGHAM at Klem's for 8¢ cts. per yard.

CHRISTMAS presents in the dry goods line can be had at J. W. Haydon's.

Look NICE—Go to Klem's and get beautiful calicoes at 4, 5 and 6 cts. per yard.

FANCY raisins, currents, citron and other fancy groceries for Christmas cooks at A. Owyer's.

THE case against Robert Collier for obtaining goods under false pretenses was settled by his paying for the goods.

IMITATION is the veriest battery. The Danville Advertiser has a "Garrett Department" beginning with its last issue.

I HAVE four or five good building lots in Stanford for sale, elegantly located and two of them the neatest in town. John Bright.

CITY JUNIOR HILL fined Squire Higgins, negro, for beating his sweetheart \$5, and City Withers \$10 for breach of the Peace.

JUIN received a new line of China, Glass and Queenware, including some handsome Chamber and water-setts. McAllister & Bright's.

CHENAUT, SEVERANCE & CO., not wishing to carry over their clothing and boots to next season, offer their entire stock of those goods at cost.

WE will begin to make Christmas flour to day and will pay special attention to custom work. Our improvements are now complete. McAllister & Bright's.

THE MERRY jingle of the sleigh-bells and the crying of the wheels of the ice-wagon were heard in the air yesterday. The ice gathered is over three inches thick.

JERRY HOOCHES, the negro of whose offense our illustrious letter told last Friday, was given 50 days in jail and a fine of \$50. He now languishes in the lock up.

AN exchange says that in a majority of cases young women wear bangles to hide the ugly warts on their foreheads. We do not believe the number is that large, for all the girls in Stanford, but two wear them apparently as much interest as when her own life was filled with romance.

Mrs. M. A. DAWSON, who is now over three-score and ten, has been a subscriber to the New York Ledger for over 40 years. She still reads its interesting love stories with apparently as much interest as when her own life was filled with romance.

DON'T FAIL to visit the Grand Emporium of McAlister & Stagg for Holiday goods before purchasing elsewhere. Will have large stock of silverware and jewelry for the Holiday to arrive in a few days, and for beauty and elegance can not be surpassed.

THOSE who know any thing about the business will agree with us that this is a pretty good sized sheet for our new office force, four compositors, to get out in three days. It took work early and late, but they we're equal to the emergency, and we are out unusual on time.

THIS has indeed been a year of death in this community; more having occurred than in any previous year, not excepting those in which epidemics have appeared. Typhoid fever and pneumonia have done the greatest work and their ravages have been principally among the younger folks.

CHRISTMAS turkeys, cranberries, mince meat, kroat, butter, eggs, oysters, crackers, raisins, currants, dates, figs, nut of all kinds, oranges, lymons, bananas, apples, pickles, jellies, candies of every description, a nice line of China, glass and Majolica. Christmas wares and a big stock of all kinds of canned goods at Bruce, Warren & Co.'s, the "Twin Fronts."

THE YOUNG who awoke that he was worth over \$1,500 and was taken to bail for the thief Williams, who burglarized Blake's jewelry store in Danville, has been arrested for perjury, as he had no property at all. The forfeited bond is therefore worthless and by an apparent consiving of the Cincinnati authorities, Williams is free to prosecute his business till caught again.

DUCKED—Tim Luchenan a colored man was taken from his house at Crab Orchard, last Saturday night when the Mercury was near the bottom, and ducked in the Spring pond several times. They then let him loose and when he got back to town his clothing was frozen fast from one end to the other. It is said that the ducking was done by some negroes to whom he had promised to give a dance but afterwards refused.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. James F. Holdam will lead to the altar at Crab Orchard to-day Miss Bettie, the pretty and accomplished daughter of Dr. W. M. Doore.

LICENSES were issued yesterday to Mr. James R. Wilmet to marry Miss Lillian, daughter of Mr. B. F. Embanks, to-day; to Wm. S. Newell and Miss Nellie Ann Redd also for to-day, and to Mr. Charles O. Bennett and Miss Rachel Lucinda Hicks for the 21st.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.
Tuesday Morning, December 19, 1882

A MINISTER'S FLIRTATION.

I was engaged to Angelina Melville, and I thought myself the luckiest man living. Angelina was so handsome that no stranger ever saw her without expressing admiration, and one did not weary of the face after years of familiarity with it. She was well bred, accomplished and a great heiress. I had reason to believe that she was very fond of me. No man could be more entirely content than I was as I leaned back in the first-class carriage which took me from Glasgow into the country to the Vale of Cruix, where I was to preach a few Sabbaths.

The pulpit was vacant, and I was going to try my wings. With my pecuniary prospects, I scarcely thought I should care to accept a call to the Vale of Cruix, but I had no objections to filling its pulpit for a few weeks, especially as Angelina had gone to the west coast, and Glasgow was warm and stuffy and stupid.

Casual remembrances of elegant parsonages built in Queen Anne's time; of a study where the footfalls were softened by Persian rug and the doors draped with portions of velvet; chairs and a desk carved richly as some old confessional, flitted through my mind. And I thought also of a table spread with silver and rare china, with a lady at its head who resembled a Queen. And I breathed a luxurious sigh as I awakened from my day dream to know that the words "Vale of Cruix" were being shouted on the platform, and that the train was coming to a standstill.

I seized my traveling bag from the rack overhead and hurried out of the carriage. The porters had just pulled four or five trunks on the platform. Two old wagons stood in the road, one driven by an old woman in a sun bonnet, the other by a red haired boy, with bare feet; and a queer, knock-kneed horse, attached to a queer old gig, was standing at a little distance. A young man in a light Summer suit, and a city family, bent on rural happiness, were my companions on the platform.

The former put his trunk into the first wagon, kissed the old woman in the sun bonnet, took the reins and drove away. He was evidently the son of the family come home to spend his vacation. The rest of the trunks, and the city family, mother, father, little boy, nursemaid and baby, were put into the wagon driven by the boy. When the train moved away I was left alone on the platform—alone but for the station master, who sat upon a bench smoking a clay pipe.

In a moment more that official, without looking at me, made the remark: "Deacon Stevenson has come for the new minister. He's over in the hotel and will be back in a minute."

"Thank you," said I.

The station master took no notice of me, but having climbed upon a stool and made some changes in a time register on the wall of the station, locked the door, put the key in his pocket and sauntered away down the railroad.

I took his place upon the bench and waited. In a few minutes a prim little old gentleman appeared upon the top of the hill, carrying in one hand a tin can, in the other a tin pail and under either arm a brown paper parcel. I knew at a glance that it was Mr. Stevenson.

"Are you Mr. MacTaggart?" he inquired mildly, as he approached. "I want to know! I hadn't any expectation of being kept so long, but you see it saves the women folks trouble to fetch things over when I drive down. I'll just hang this can of paraffine ile on behind. Some folks dislike the smell—may be you do? The sugar loaf tea and coffee can go under the seat just as well as not. How's your health, sir, and how do you like Vale of Cruix?"

I answered that my health was good, and that I had not, as yet, seen much of Vale of Cruix.

"No, you haven't," said the old gentleman. "Well, you'll drive through it now." And he shook the reins, and the old horse began to stumble along. And on we drove past certain rows of brick houses, very much like each other, and with the same flowers in their front gardens, until, having passed the church, we came to one happily set about by old oak trees, before the gate of which he drew up.

A girl stood at the gate—a fair girl in a blue muslin dress and apron.

"Take the sugar, Mary, before it gets upset," said the deacon. "This is Mr. MacTaggart, that's to preach for us. Mr. MacTaggart, this is my daughter Mary."

We bowed and she vanished with the parcels.

"What a lovely little creature!" said I to myself. "Nothing like An-

gelina, but so pretty!" And I found myself thinking of her as I washed my hands and hair in the blue-walled bed room on the second floor, with white fringed counterpanes and curtains and piece, on either side of the china vase of roses.

There were only four of us at the table—the deacon, his wife, a stout lady who never said more than she could help, and Mary. She had spent the last winter in Glasgow, and we talked about all she had seen. She was self-possessed without being forward, and oh, so pretty! Now, Angelina was splendid and queenly, so this was mild praise that she could not have objected to, only I said it very often. I preached on the next Sunday. It was settled that I could spend the Summer there. I wrote this to Angelina:

"Since you cannot be with me it does not matter where I am—this stupid place as well as any other. Address to the care of Deacon Stevenson. I shall remain with him while I preach here."

It was a pleasant Summer, despite the dullness of the place. How good the quaint old deacon was when one really knew him! How motherly was Mrs. Stevenson! As for Mary, she grew sweater every day! I often wondered what Angelina would have said could she have seen me helping her to pick blackberries, to find the runaway cow, to carry home the milk pail, driving her over to the country grocery and returning with a freight of groceries—Angelina, who knew nothing of domestic details, and whose monogrammed and perfumed notes were brought to me from the office in company with the paraffine can. I wrote my sermons at one end of the round table while Mary sat at the other sewing. Now and then a big bug would fly into the window and go humming about our heads, or a moth would try to sing its wings over the chimney, and I would drive it out. The old people would go to bed after a while, and then Mary and I would find ourselves hungry and she would go into the kitchen to find "something good." I always held the light for her. When something good was found we ate it in the back porch, sitting side by side on the step, like two children.

She was so like a child, that little Mary, that it seemed no harm to ask her to kiss me good night, or to hold her hand in mine, as it rested on my arm, in our long walks home from church on Sunday evenings.

The Summer passed; October came, Angelina returned to the city and wrote to me. It was while we were eating peaches and cream on the back porch that evening that I said to Mary, "I will tell you a secret, if you desire to have your freedom, I have no choice."

"I desire it greatly," she answered. "It is yours," I said with a bow.

After that I think we were both happier than we had been for days, and shaking hands we parted.

That night I went up to the Vale of Cruix, and I told Mary that my marriage was broken off and that she was the only woman I had ever loved. She tried to summon up her pride and refuse me, but failed in the attempt, and let me take her to my heart.

To-day I am pastor of the church at the Vale of Cruix; Mary is my wife, and we are as plain and quiet a pair as you could fancy. I often help my wife pick currants for tea, and have taken a turn at the garden when help is scarce. But I do not envy Mr. S. for his wife, nor pine for the luxurious possibilities that I lost with Angelina. Mary and my little home content me.

Stage Lovers.

The affection between stage lovers is often so well acted that no one suspects the real feeling which exists between them. A writer in the New Orleans *Democrat* says that he knew of two actors of the opposite sex who positively disliked each other, but were forced by their parts into the most devotional tenderness of conduct. One night as he was playing at love she was to rush into his arms; being a true artist, she did her work with energy, and between speeches he muttered: "You need not swallow me." She replied: "You are too bitter a dose."

While holding her in fond embrace, wrapped in delicious transport, he growled in a whisper: "Don't lean so hard against a man." With her head in tender repose upon his breast, she retorted: "You are paid for holding me, and I intend that you shall earn your salary." They never made up and never married. She married another actor, and clings still to the dislike for the man with whom she plays.

A church in Bavaria accommodating 1,000 people has been built almost entirely of papier-mâché, which can be supplied at a cost little above that of plaster. It can be made to imitate the finest marble, and takes a polish superior to slate.

A Vermont debating society will debate the question: "Which is the most fun—to see a man try to thread a needle or a woman try to drive a nail?"

After we had roamed about the bazaar and bought all sorts of knick-knacks, I escorted Angelina to a seat and there sat down to wait while one of the ladies, who, on this occasion

only, was doing good, onerous hard work, brought us a tray of refreshments.

As we sat there sipping our coffee, two women sat down at the next table, with their backs toward us.

"I am very tired; are not you, Mrs. Russell?" And the other answered:

"Yes, I am tired. I don't think that it is worth while to come all the way from Glasgow sightseeing." This was the voice of Stevenson's nearest neighbor, and I liked her, and respected her, yet did not feel quite sure how Angelina would like an introduction, and so refrained from looking round and making myself known.

"I'd think we'd better have tea," said the first voice. "It's more refreshing than coffee. Oh, how is Mary to day? Think of my never asking before!"

"Mary is poorly," said Mrs. Russell. "Oh, Mrs. Cullen, what a pity it is that flirting young minister came down to Vale of Croix. I don't know what Mrs. Stevenson was about to let him do as he did. We all thought he was courting Mary. She died, poor child. She loved him dearly, and the day before he went away he told her he was engaged to some girl in Glasgow. I'm afraid it's broken her heart. She told me all about it. 'Oh, Anny Russell,' she said, 'I know I ought to be ashamed, but I can't help it. He seemed to like me so. I hope I shall die of this fever, for life is nothing to me.' Ashamed! Why, it's that he ought to be ashamed. Of all things, a minister to be a cold, cruel, flirt! And that is what Hugh MacTaggart is!"

I listened, but I could not move or speak. I felt as though my heart was breaking; and oh, the shame I suffered! The women drank their tea and left, and then Angelina turned to me with a cold, sarcastic smile.

"Angelina," I faltered, "I have done nothing that should give offense to you."

"Nothing but to love another woman," she answered. "Love her and let her see it, meaning to marry me. Don't think that I am blind; indeed I am relieved. I should have kept my word to you for this, but not so gladly as I once should. You are a very good-looking man, but on the whole you don't suit me. I met Mr. S. at Millport, and he does. Frankly, I have been thinking what a pity it was that I must decline his offer. As for this—Mary, isn't she—wouldn't she make a very good minister's wife?"

It came to my mind that she would—that she was the only wife for me; that Angelina—splendid as she was—would never have made me happy. But I only said: "Miss Melville, if you desire to have your freedom, I have no choice."

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Laughing and Crying.

The approach of age shows itself about the eyes. Lines come, faintly at first, then deeper and deeper, until the incipient crow's feet are indicated, developed, revealed. The woman who, looking in her glass, perceives these fatal lines diverging from the outer corner of her eye, knows that she has reached an era in her life. She recognizes it with a sigh, if she be a virgin, a lovely or a worldly woman; with a smile, perhaps, if she has children to whom she can live her own youth over again. But it can never be a gay smile. None of us, men or women, like to feel youth—that precious possession—slipping away from us. But we should never be on the lookout for crow's feet or gray hairs. Looking for them is sure to bring them, for thinking about them brings them. Tears form a part of the language of the eye, which is eloquent enough when sparingly used, and which should be sparingly used for other reasons than that of adding to their mute eloquence. Tears are a disfiguring expression of emotion, and those who get into the habit of weeping over very small vexations do much towards acquiring a care-worn, miserable expression, and are sure to look old before their time. Excessive weeping has been known not only to injure but actually destroy the sight. Few women look pretty, or even interesting, in tears, though it has long been a pleasant fiction in poetry and romance to suppose that they do. Many women, some men and most children make most disfiguring and distorted grimaces while crying; and the lady who thinks she can work upon men's feelings by a liberal display of tears should carefully study a becoming mode of producing them before her looking glass. Grimaces often go with weeping, and tears accompanied by a usual distortion have a hardening effect, if not a visible one. In a prettily written book, now probably out of print, purporting to be the story of the life of one of Milton's wives, the author makes that poet say of his wife's eyes after crying that they resembled "the sun's clear shining after rain"—a very pretty natural object indeed, but during the rain itself the observer is not inclined to be so complimentary. Grimaces of a somewhat similar order are frequently made during the action of laughter. Care should always be taken with children to prevent their falling into this habit. It frequently reaches such a pitch as to render the laughter positively unsightly. The face is distorted and out of drawing, the eyes disappear and the lips are drawn up, revealing half an inch of pale pink gum. This peculiarity sometimes runs in families, partly from unconscious imitation. I know one family whose grimaces during laughter are most ludicrously alike. When they are all assembled at the dinner table and a joke goes round there is not a single eye left in the family. Much, if not all, of this could be prevented by due care in childhood. The laugh can be cultivated quite as much as the voice. Actresses take lessons in laughing, with occasionally very charming results. I do not, however, advise that such teaching should begin in early childhood, lest it might destroy spontaneity and produce an effect of artificiality; but I very strongly recommend mothers to check a disposition to make grimaces during their children's indulgence of mirth.—[White-hall Review.]

NONE WHATEVER.—We can see to-day no hope for the republican party not based on democratic blunders. Its plight is even worse than it seems to be. Neither the stalwarts nor the half-breeds have anything to offer which will command attention and union. The only hope is the independent wing, almost without organization, which demands administrative and revenue reform while holding fast to all that is good in the republican policy. The stalwarts and half-breeds must come to their terms or defeat is almost certain in 1884. Will they do it?—[Boston Herald, rep.]

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A 'GAROLE IN DIPHTHERIA.'—In houses where diphtheria is or has been the family should gargle throats with alcohol on the first indication of soreness or cough. The alcohol will destroy the membranous fungus speedily. A successful down town physician says that "where this treatment has had an early chance he knows of no case terminating fatally."—[Philadelphia Times.]

It is claimed that a full feed of hay to horses, following the feed of concentrated food, is wasteful, for the reason that it crowds the first out of the stomach before proper digestion has been accomplished. And so, in order to secure best results, hay should be fed at first and the concentrated food afterwards.

A Vermont debating society will debate the question: "Which is the most fun—to see a man try to thread a needle or a woman try to drive a nail?"

GO EAST! GO WEST! GO NORTH!

VIA LOUISVILLE

AND THE

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4—DAILY TRAINS—4

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Sleeping Cars and Day Coaches to St. Louis Without Change.

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Harper's MAGAZINE!

ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Magazine begins its sixty-sixth volume with the December number. It is not only the most popular illustrated periodical in America, but is also the best. It is the most beautiful in its appearance, and the best magazine for the home. A new novel, entitled "Major and Minor," is to be published in the month of January, 1883, and the author is the author of "The Young People." Harper's Magazine, \$5.00 per year.

Have Through Day Coaches on All Trains

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STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, December 19, 1882

Dot Sergeant.

He was a full-blooded American, and he had seen second-hand and "hand-me-down" clothing dealers in his life time and gone them one better. He entered the Israelite's shop, and elevating his hand to the level of his ears and shaking it parallel with his shoulders, exclaimed: "How you vss, mine frenst!"

"I was not so very veil," replied Moses.

"Haf you a forty-five dollar overcoat vaf you made to order for a student, vot you sell me for dree dollars?"

Moses looked at the wood-be purchaser from head to foot.—"Vas you an orphan?"

"No, I vas no orphan, but I haf a brudder mit Schattam street vot sells goods vot vas an orphan."

"I think you vas give me taffy."

"Well, how about that overcoat, old man?" suggested the prospective purchaser, in regular U. S. language.

"Isaac, will you show de gentleman dot make to order Brince Albert sergeant, vot you pay you veek mit dot student?"

The coat was produced and thoroughly inspected.

"You vil sell dot coat for dree dollars?" asked the purchaser.

"How could I do it, my frenst? I could not sell him to mine brudder for less dan dwenty-five."

"Perhaps your sister would take it off your hands for fifteen," suggested the buyer.

"But I haf no sister," said Moses. "I dink you vas no put dot coat; you vas come mit shooke on me."

"Now, mine frenst," commenced the buyer, again giving the sign manual, "vot vas de least monish vot you was worth considerable to them."

Moses' face brightened. "I will sell dot coat for fifteen dollar; but if you offer tell a lifin' soul vot you pay for him, I vas a ruled man."

"I haf lost dot combination mit my safe, but I vas gif you fife dollar out from mine pocket book."

"I could not sell dot overcoat, for less dan ten dollar," said Moses. "I vas lose a ten dollar pill mit him den."

"Will you take the V?" asked the purchaser, as he got to the door.

"Imac, you may do up the overcoat for the gentleman. He is a pecular frenst mit me."—[The Judge.

Sudden Rise in Stock.

Less than a year ago, when a Virginia murderer had only twenty-four hours in which to prepare for the scaffold, a clergyman wrestled with him for a long time in hopes to see him weaken and prepare his soul for the great change. The prisoner was calm, but obdurate, and the minister finally asked:

"My friend, can it be that you do not see the gulf which yawns before you?"

"Look-a-here," replied the man, as he squarely faced his visitor. "There's a heap of betting going on outside as to how I'd bear myself on the scaffold. As long as two weeks ago odds of three to one was offered that I'd witt the hour came."

"Is it possible?"

"And I put my brother Tom up to go around and fatten all such bets, and he's got \$1,000 depending on how I act to-morrow."

"Poor man! Poor man!"

"That's all right. I want to believe I have been forgiven, and I wan't to think I'm going straight to heaven, but I'm not going to shed tears and knock my knees together and play booby and let the crowd scoop brother Tom's pockets. Tom has stock in me, and that stock is going to riz 100 per cent."—[Wall St. News.]

The Fatal Soap.

A little boy went out to swim, and took a cake of soap with him, and slimmed each supple little limb. And when he on the hawk arrove, onlong, last downward look he gave, and then into the water dove. And trying to regain the top, in vain, alas! he tried to flop—he went so fast he couldn't stop. His limbs were soaped from heel to hip; he couldn't get a half-way grip, for every time he tried he'd slip. The water no resistance gave, and so beneath the murky wave he found a wet, untimely grave. With thrilling, thundering thumping thud, he struck the misty, moisty mud; and turkies fattened on his blood. We deduce this little hymn to little boys of supple limb who soap themselves before they swim.—[Denver Tribune.]

"Ugh!" exclaimed Brown, "I believe I shall freeze to death; but I've got to die sometime," he added, "and I might as well die that way as any other." "Much better," replied Fog, consolingly; "you'll have such an excellent chance to thaw out on the other side, you know."—[Boston Transcript.]

Trotty Girls.

The labdeah dry goods clerk in this glorious country are up to a great deal of snuff of various kinds, as the following give-away by a prominent dry goods man will show. Allow us to remark, however, that this is the experience of a Columbus (O.) man and not, as some may suppose, of a Louisville concern. Says the merchant: "Lately I have noticed a large number of young ladies entering my store who had no packages in their hands when they came in but who always left with one or two, but no corresponding check was sent to the desk with cash. I made up my mind to watch this closer for a time, and you may imagine my surprise (what a greener he must have been) at the discovery I made. One day a prominent young lady came into the store, went up to the clerk upon whom she lavished the wealth of her affection and began a conversation with him. The clerk took down some goods and began showing them, keeping up an animated conversation for 10 minutes. Then the clerk reached down under the counter, handed her a little package wrapped up in the paper we use in the store, and the young lady sailed out. I immediately tackled the young man to know what the package contained and what the movement meant. Finding that he had been caught, he made a clean breast of the affair, and told ma that the girls did not like to come down town without conveying the idea of having been shopping, and as it was not always convenient to trade when down, they had become sharp enough to put up this little racket of getting their clerk friends to make up packages of nothing—empty boxes, waste paper, &c., for them, which they could carry out of the store and thus fill the souls of other girls with envy. At the same time it gave them an excellent opportunity to see their fellows, and that was worth considerable to them."

The two REMEDIES.—The Breckinridge News closes an article on the frightful increase of lawlessness in Kentucky, as follows: "There are but two remedies for this state of affairs. Set a trap for him," was the reply, "and when you have caught him eat him." The wolf went away and laid a snare beside the path often traversed by the enemy, but just as he was cackling with satisfaction he blundered into the trap himself and was held fast. In this emergency along came the lion, who called out, "By George! what's all this?" "I'm fast in my own trap," humbly replied the wolf. "So I see. I came out here expecting to help you eat the hyenas; but, as the case now stands, I shall help the hyena to eat you." "But I set this trap by your advice," protested the wolf. "True, you did, and I advised your enemy to set one for you as well. Odds is the difference to me whether I eat wolf or hyena." Moral.—The lawyer gets his pay no matter how the suit goes.

JOHNNY'S COMPOSITION, SEA LION.—"The see lian don't know whether he's a bess' or a fish, but his tale votes the full ticket in favor of the fish by a large majority. He looks in the face like a ligerubber cat, and his ulster is just like it wuz varnish, and they ain't no pockets in it. See lians has mustachees, but the shave all the rest of 'em, and then wen the open there mouth you make up yore mind that you'll never ask 'em to sing any more. They wouldn't make primer dorners. See lians are bald and for fear you mightn't think the wuz, tha spread the bald all over 'em. If I had to be a sea lian ide ruther be a wale."—[Golden Days.]

"I thought that you came here to attend your mother's funeral," said a man to an acquaintance whom he met at a show. "Well, yes," he replied, "I was called to attend the funeral, but when I arrived I found the circus in town, so I concluded to come here. You know that in Arkansas you can go to a funeral any time, but let me tell you a circus is the boom."—[Athens (Ga.) Banner.]

"Joseph Welsh is an old lusher, and, like many a good fellow, he thinks he can monkey with the liquid damnation without the old stuff downing him. He tried it again Sunday, and, as usual, he was run in." That is the way a Western paper states that an habitual drunkard got intoxicated and was taken to the station by the police. Don't say this language has no synonyme!

In 1881, 18,670 persons were killed by snakes in India and 2,757 by wild animals; 45,709 cattle were destroyed by snakes and wild animals during the same year; 25,968 snakes and 15,274 wild animals were destroyed, add 102,810 rupees were paid by the government in rewards for their destruction.

The finest building on this continent is the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Mexico. It was built 300 years ago on the site of the Aztec temple, and gold was used by the ton and precious stones by the thousand in its ornamentation.

No matter how sheltered the system may be from excesses of any kind, the Great German Invigorator will secure health and happiness. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford.

One Thing God Couldn't Do.

A new railway had been opened through a bleak and unsettled section of the country, and had been in operation only a short time when a heavy snow began falling and soon completely blockaded the road, stopping the train with a single passenger car far from any place of habitation. There were a dozen or more travelers, but as the prospect of relief within a few hours was good they were taking the unpleasant situation calmly. Among them was a tall, lank lay-preacher, whose countenance was chiefly remarkable for a preternaturally large mouth. Soon after the train came to a standstill he arose at the forward end of the car and with the blandest professional smile began: "Now, brethren and sisters, we've got to stay here shut up together for an hour or two, so let me make the best of it. I say brethren and sisters because we are all brethren and sisters—ain't that so? We're all christians, ain't we? Of course we are. Now let's have a little experience meeting here. Why not? We all love the Lord, don't we? We all believe He knows best what is good for us, don't we? Of course we do. Well, let's talk about Him a little. To begin with, we all believe there's nothing the Lord couldn't do if he wanted to—we all believe that, don't we?"

At this point a green-looking country-man, who had been watching the smiling speaker with close interest, started him by saying: "Waa!, now, I dunno 'bout that. I think I know one thing the Lord couldn't do." "Oh! do you?" exclaimed the preacher with great delight. "Do you, indeed? Well let us hear from you. Speak up loud and let us all hear what it is the Lord couldn't do!" "Waa!", said the countryman, with great deliberation, "He couldn't be made your mouth any bigger unless he'd set your ears back." This ended the conference meeting.

Mr. John E. Talbot, Louisville, Ky., says Brown's Iron Bitters has cured him of neuralgia of long standing.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Druggists will cure with Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure you, 75 cents per bottle. Druggists will it.

\$100 REWARD

Is offered for any case of Catarrh that can't be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally. Price, 75 cents.

The Secret

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

Thursday, in Louisville, Henry Tyler was arraigned for trial for the murder of Joshua Gregory. It turned out, however, that in the indictment the name of the victim was spelled "Joshua" instead of "Joshus," and the indictment was dismissed. The murderer is still in jail, and will be taken before another grand jury but he gains the much coveted time, and since the weapon with which the crime was committed has been spirited away and the witnesses have all but one disappeared, the chances for his acquittal are extra good.

A country fellow stepped into a fruit store and invested in a nickel's worth of chestnuts. In about half an hour he returned and handed the proprietor one of the nuts. "What does this mean?" asked the dealer. "Well," remarked the customer, "that is the only sound chestnut I found in the pint and thought you had put it in by mistake. I am an honest man and don't want to take a mean advantage of a fellow."—[Athens (Ga.) Banner.]

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not contain whiskey or alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth, or cause headache and constipation. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, &c.

Usa only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

POSTAGE FREE to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The volume of the press begins with the first number in January, each year. When the time comes for advertising, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the number next following.

The total annual volume of Harper's Bazaar in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the amount does not exceed one dollar per volume) for \$7 per volume.

Cloth cases for each volume, suitable for library, will be sent by mail, postage, on receipt of \$10 per volume.

Rentances should be made by post-office money-order or draft, to avoid chance of loss. Address

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

—1883.—

Harper's Bazaar!

ILLUSTRATED.

This popular journal is a rare combination of literature, art and fashion. Its stories, poems and essays are by the best writers of Europe and America, and are of the highest order of literary excellence; and in all matters pertaining to fashion it is universally acknowledged to be the leading authority in the land. This new volume will contain many brilliant novelties.

It is determined that it shall be Second to no Country Hotel in the State in its Fare, Appointments, or Attention to Comfort of their Guests.

Its Proprietor is determined that it shall be Second to no Country Hotel in the State in its Fare, Appointments, or Attention to Comfort of their Guests.

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STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, December 19, 1882

THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

Ring on, ring on, sweet Sabbath bell!
The moulder loves I love to hear,
I was a boy when first they fell
Is melody upon my ear;
In those dear days long past and gone
When sporting here in joyful glee,
The music of thy Sabbath tone,
Awake emotions deep in me.

Long years have gone, and I have strayed
Out o'er the world, far, far away,
But thy dear tones have round me played
On every joyful Sabbath day.
When striding over the mighty plains
Spread widely in the unpeopled West,
Each Sabbath morn I've heard thy strains
Telling the welcome day of rest.

Upon the Rocky mountain's crest,
Where Christian feet have never trod,
In the deep bosom of the West
I've thought of thee and worshipped God!
Ring on, sweet bell! I've come again
To hear thy cherished call to pray.
There's less of pleasure now than pain
In those dear tones which fill my ear.

Ring on, ring on, dear bell! I ring on!
Once more I've come with whitened head
To hear thee bell. The sounds are gone!
And ere this Sabbath day has sped
I shall be gone, and may no more
Give ear to thee, sweet Sabbath bell!
Dear church and hall, so loved of yore,
And childhood's happy home, farewell!

CHRISTMAS CHAT.

—As the Christmas tree is bent so is the youthful heart made glad.

—He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," was the great founder of the gladsome feast of Christmas, and it is in His honor that we uphold the feast and gladden the hearts of the little ones He loved so dearly. It is a pleasure, a holy pleasure, to make their smiles brighter, their laughter cheerier and more musical. Let us all, then, properly celebrate Christmas Day.

—Happy, happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth; that can transport the sailors and travelers thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home!

—Now comes Christmas to remind us we may make our lives sublime and departing, leave behind scores of slippers, numbered "nine." —[Stillwater Lumberman. Slippers that perhaps another who shall in your footsteps tread—a preferred and bigger brother—may wish they were "tens" instead.—(Rome Sentinel. Slippers that perhaps a mother, striving hard to make ends meet, will use upon your wild young brother, because he won't keep off the street.)

—Christmas falls on Monday this year, and severe storms are predicted. The storm will likely break when the youngsters wake up and find their stockings filled with obnooks of coal.

—The morning dawns, and the household is awakened by the sound of drum and fife. But it is not war. It is not the summons to go out and slaughter the Zulus. Nay, brethren, it is Christmas.—[New York Express.

BLACKSTONE.—Mr. Blackstone was a man who flourished several years ago and wrote a little work on English law and primogeniture, salvage, replevin, plea in abatement, ouster, onus probandi,oyer and terminer, and other evils of his time. He would go out and weed onions an hour or two and then come in and swear a few lines, after which he would dash off a poem on habes corpus, the non-suit, misjoinder, chattel mortgage, mayhem, misfeasance or other beauties of nature. He was at home while dealing with mesanges, mesue process, torte mandamus and high certiori. Blackstone has been more largely quoted perhaps than any other humorist in the English language. His favorite joke was called the rule in Shelley's case, and he loved to monkey with the *lex non scripta* and assumpit. Blackstone is now dead. His parents also are dead. They were cut down in their youth.—[Boomerang.

Justice: "Mr. Snicklefritz, you will please come forward and be sworn."

Mr. Snicklefritz (who is an ex-judge himself and is up to "snuff"): "Chudge, I like not dot."

Justice: "Why what's the matter? You and Mr. Barstow, who will be here to testify directly, were the only persons who saw the assault, and we are depending on your evidence."

Mr. Snicklefritz: "Chudge, I wold like dot Parstow to testify first."

Justice: "Why do yo wish him to testify first, Mr. Snicklefritz?"

Mr. Snicklefritz: "Because, Chudge, dot Parstow is a radical, und if he testify after me, he w'd make me out a liar."

Gilbert Watton Patrick, the oldest jockey in the world, was buried in New York city, Saturday. He was in good health up to less than two weeks ago. He caught cold at Jerome Park, and died of pneumonia. He rode at least 2,000 horses in over 5,000 races, winning about 4,000. In purses, stakes and matches he won for owners upwards of \$2,000,000, not losing over \$200,000, and yet died very poor.

Bill Nye's Engagement Broken.
"I have just received a letter from my friend, Bill Nye, of the Laramie City Boomerang, wherein he informs me that he is engaged to the beautiful and accomplished Lydia E. Pinkham, of "Vegetable Compound" fame, and that the wedding will take place on next Christmas. To be sure, I am expected at the wedding, and I'll be on hand if I can secure a clean shirt by that time and the roads ain't too bad. But I am somewhat at a loss what to get as a suitable present, as Bill informs me in a postscript to his letter that gifts of Bibles, albums, nickle-plated pickle dishes, chromos with frames and the like will not be in order, as it is utterly impossible to pawn articles of this kind in Laramie City."—[The Bohemian.

We are sorry that the above letter, which we dashed off in a careless moment, has been placed before the public, as later developments have entirely changed the aspect of the matter, the engagement between ourselves and Lydia having been rudely broken by the young lady herself. She has returned the solitaire filled ring, and henceforth we can be nothing more to each other than friends. The promise which bade fair to yield so much joy in the future has been ruthlessly yanked asunder, and two young hearts must bleed through the coming years. Far be it from us to say aught that would reflect upon the record of Miss Pinkham. It would only imperil her chances in the future, and deny her the satisfaction of gathering in another guileless sucker like us. The truth, however, cannot be evaded that Lydia is no longer young. She is now in the rose and yellow leaf. The gurgle of girlhood and the romping, carefree grace of her childhood are matters of ancient history alone. We might go on and tell how one thing brought on another till the quarrel occurred, and hot words and an assault and battery led to this estrangement, but we will not do it. It would be wrong for a great, strong man to take advantage of his strength and the public press to speak disparagingly of a young thing like Lydia. No matter how unreasonably she may have treated us, we are dumb and silent on this point. Journalists who have been invited and have purchased costly wedding presents may ship them by express prepaid, and we will accept them, and struggle along with our first great heart trouble while Lydia goes on in her mad career.—[Bill Nye.

A NEW PATENT PAINT.—A party of gentlemen recently made a trip on the Southeastern Railway, in England, with the object of testing the luminosity of a railway car, a portion of the interior of which had been coated with Balmont's patent paint. The weather being dull, the zinc plates which had received three coats of the paint specially hardened, were less sensitive than would have been the case had sunshine struck directly upon them; but, notwithstanding, on entering Blackheath tunnel an agreeable equally diffused light came from the ceiling of the compartment and the two ends, the advertisements on which were seen clearly. The hands of a watch were also easily discerned and the headings of newspaper articles read. Containing no phosphorus, the paint was without smell.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, being requested to enforce the Sunday law of that city, replied that he would not undertake any such thing. "I believe in Sunday as a day of rest," he said, "but what is rest to one man may be labor to another. Rest is not simply doing nothing, but in a change. A man sitting at a desk all week, occupied with mental labor, finds no refreshment in a stiff-back bench in a church on Sunday. The Sunday of the Puritan fathers was beneficial to them because they spent the week in outdoor labor, but men of sedentary habits need to reverse the usage. Any attempt to compel the people of Chicago to be pious will fail, and it ought to."

A MOUSE'S NEST IN A HORSE'S HOOF.—A said old family nag belonging to Wm. Jones was brought to the shop to be reshod. The hoofs had grown very long, leaving hollow grooves beneath their outer rims. On cutting away this shell to make a foundation for the shoe a hole was noticed underneath and the attention of Mr. Koster was called to it. He investigated, and found six young, living mice closely nestled within the hollow disk.—[San Diego Sun.

Maurice Bergen, of Monroe, La., felt a premonition that his death was near. He spoke to a friend, declaring that he would be dead before December 5th. He was laughed at, but his response was an offer to bet a \$75 suit of clothes—as he was a tailor—against a coffin of equal value. The wager was made, and Bergen won. The loser provided a handsome burial casket, according to agreement.

The Tricks of the Cotton Business.
"How do you think de cotton picasen will come out this year, Miser Hofenstein?" said Herman, as he dusted off a shoe box and arranged an overcoat on a pile of clothing.

"Vell, dot vas a pisness," replied Hofenstein, "vat I don't like to express myself about, und ven efer I think ud de moey vat I advanced, und vat I never get any more, I gets so mad dot I feels dot I vill die right away mit de abolebby."

"Who vas it swindled you, Mr. Hofenstein?"

"It vas a nigger, Herman, und his name vas Isaac. My gr-racious, every von says he vas de best nigger in de whole country around, und I advanced him cloding, shoes, brovians und a dollar und a half musket for vich I charged him only nine dollars, und he vas to let me pay all de cotton vat he makes. Von day I dell him if he gets de first cotton of de season he vill get a breming on it, und he says he vill have dree bales a week before any von else. Vell, it was not long ven von day Isaac, mit a wagon und a couple of mules, brings dree bales up cotton to my store, und they begin to get in their work real spry; and before they are aware of the sanctity of the marriage relation, they are hitched for life, and before they own a cook-stove or bedstead, they have to get up in the night and go after the doctor, so frightened that they run themselves out of breath and abuse the doctor because he doesn't run too, and when the doctor gets there there is not enough linen in the house to wrap up a doll-baby.—[Rising Fawn (Gazette).

MARRIED OR NOT MARRIED.—Mr. Gough thinks that it is better for a woman to be laughed at for not being married, than to be unable to laugh because she is married. The marriage that takes all the laugh out of a woman, like the sunshine that takes all the sweetness out of the grape, is an exceedingly suspicious commodity, and ought to give the divorce doctors something to do. But the idea of trying to reconcile a woman to an unpaired life because another woman found it uncomfortable, is as absurd as to keep her from eating apples because of Mother Eve's unfortunate pomological experience.

Christine Nilsson told a Chicago Tribune reporter that Oscar Wilde ought to have been taken by the ear, on his arrival in this country, and led to the first outward-bound steamer. "I think that your people are too good natured," she said, "or they would never have borne with him. I know that I could not put up with his nonsense. He does not appear in Europe dressed as he does here. That would not be tolerated there. I met him in London once, and he commenced to talk to me in his peculiar way. I said to him: 'Look here, Mr. Wilde, I won't put up with such stuff. This aestheticism of yours is all a humbug!' He replied: 'Thank you; you are the first sensible woman I have met.'

There is a story of an imperious highness waltzing thrice in the same evening with an English lady at the court in Berlin. She naturally felt, and frankly confessed herself highly flattered by the compliment. "I did not intend it as a compliment," was the answer. "Then," said the lady somewhat upset, "your highness must be fond of dancing." "I detest dancing," was the still unsatisfactory response.

Undeterred by her ill success, our fair Englishwoman still prosecuted her inquiries. "What, then, may I ask, can be your imperial highness' motive for dancing?" "Madame," was the exalted personage's curt reply, "I dance to perspire."

Grammatically, hash is an indefinite article; mathematically, an unknown quantity; really, always swallowed with misgivings unless you see it made and know what is in it. Men have been known to march up to the queen's mouth without flinching; but he who can tackle a plate of the ordinary boarding house hash without the cold chills creeping down his back, deserves to sit on the rim of a cloud with harp, and twang hallelujahs for all time.

It is being stated that "the odor of musk, of which the Empress Josephine was very fond, still clings to her boudoir at Malmaison, though the walls, ceiling and floor have been scraped and cleansed and the apartments fumigated repeatedly." A Vermont farmer says that is nothing remarkable. It has been the same way with his clothes and his barn since he met a polecat there.

A KNOXVILLE, Tenn., inventor announces a contrivance for preventing the lower part of men's shirts from getting too high up. The disposition of the male shirt to work its way up toward the scalp is well known. This Knoxville inventor must be an angel.

We see that General Belknap is back in Washington again. So long as the republican lamp holds out to burn in that city "the vilest sinner" may not only "stare," but you can be mighty sure he will.

A Chicago chap advertises for several steady girls to help on pantaloons. And an envious scribe says that a fellow who can't help on his own pantaloons ought to be ashamed to want girls to do it.—[Mot Springs Horse-shoe.

Blotting paper, which not merely dries but removes a freshly made ink blot, is prepared, according to a German paper, by passing thick blotting paper through a concentrated solution of oxalic acid, and then drying very quickly.

A Georgia Editor on Early Marriage.
Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages are the result of green human calves being allowed to run at large in the society pasture without any yokes on them. They marry and have children before they do mustaches; they are fathers of twins before they are proprietors of two pairs of pants, and the little girls they marry are old women before they are twenty years old. Occasionally one of these gaudy marriages turns out all right, but it is a clear case of luck. If there were a law against young galoots sparkling and marrying before they have all cut their teeth, we suppose the little cusses would evade it in some way, but there ought to be a sentiment against it. It is time enough for these bantams to think of finding a pullet when they have raised money enough to buy a bundle of laths to build a hen-house. But they see a girl who looks comely, and they are afraid there is not going to be enough girls to go around, and they begin to get in their work real spry; and before they are aware of the sanctity of the marriage relation, they are hitched for life.

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"It vas a nigger, Herman, und his name vas Isaac. My gr-racious, every von says he vas de best nigger in de whole country around, und I advanced him cloding, shoes, brovians und a dollar und a half musket for vich I charged him only nine dollars, und he vas to let me pay all de cotton vat he makes. Von day I dell him if he gets de first cotton of de season he vill get a breming on it, und he says he vill have dree bales a week before any von else. Vell, it was not long ven von day Isaac, mit a wagon und a couple of mules, brings dree bales up cotton to my store, und they begin to get in their work real spry; and before they are aware of the sanctity of the marriage relation, they are hitched for life.

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